NO LONGER ON THE WAR PATH

Poor Lo In Modern Days Turns to Farming.

Many years ago in a little town of Northwestern Nebraska, I saw an old Indian drive his two-horse wagon up before a dry goods store, says a writer in the Washington Star. He asked the storekeeper if he might have an empty box that was in front. He was told yes. He turned to his squaw, who sat beside him on the wagon, and said a few words. She got down and started to put the box in the wagon.

"Hold up there, you lazy old devil," said the storekeeper, "if you can't get down yourself and load in a box after I've given it to you, you can't have it. You get back up on the wagon," said the merchant to the squaw.

The Indian drove away and left the box.

This was like the Indian. The man—the buck—is proud. He makes his squaw do the drudge work. The buck feels that his sole occupation is the warpath. Between this and hunting, or else in getting ready for battle or for the chase, the Indian spends his time. The squaw may make moccasins, but the brave is his own tailor, and the maker of his ornaments. He used to put in much of his time chipping out flint arrowheads and stone tomahawks, or in making his bows, but even in the days of the flint lock gun he quit all of this in the East. In the West, though, the Indian laid aside the bow and arrow for the "long shot" only fifty years ago. Now nowhere does the Indian do a great deal. In some places he farms a little and raises stock. There are no more battles for him to fight. His hunting grounds are cut by the white man's plough. About all that is left for him to do is to make his war bonnet and once in a while paint himself for a mock pow-wow.

Every brave in the old days tried to do deeds that would some day make him chief. For the most part the chieftaincy went from father to son, but sometimes all of the heirs of a tribe were killed off in one battle, and the tribe had to find a leader in some other family. The reason, perhaps, that every brave wants to be chief is because that office gives him power. The word of the chief must be obeyed. If he says, "kill that man," that man must die.

The medicine man is a very great man in every tribe. I asked an old medicine man once how he cured his patients.

"No bottle, jus' hand," he said; "I say: 'You die,' you die; I say 'you get well,' you get well. I make no man well he no give me money."

"No cure, no pay, is it?" said I.

"Yes, that right; I no cure him, he no pay."

The Indian medicine men, like the old negro "yarb doctors" down South, are thought by many whites to have great power to cure. I asked my medicine man friend if he ever treated any whites. He said to me:

"I doctor some white man Weston close. He be sick one year. One year poor, no meat—all same bone. I doctor him one hour, one day—whole week. Now he see me he shake my hand."

Since the days of the priest the medicine man has lost some of his grasp. The Indians now nearly all profess the Christian religion, and there are many native preachers among them who are looked up to quite as much as the medicine men.

Scouting, too, is what the Indian likes. War with him is simply hunting big game. He is built just right for his business. His eye is keen and his foot swift. He will dare the devil.

But even to be an ordinary Indian is thought to be a great blessing by the brave. When it is in the blood it is hard to get out. Most of the young men who leave the Indian colleges when they get back to their Western homes, take to their old habits again. There is something comfortable about the blanket, and there is a freedom in the tepee. Contentment is in the life of the Indian. One o'clock with him is two o'clock. He will never do anything to-day, but is always ready for to-morrow.

Only One Fat Indian.

The Indian humps over no desk and breathes no foul air. His figure is straight; his lungs large. Some tribes, it is true, are dying off, but this is because their lives have become cramped and because they have caught diseases from the whites. Few Indians carry surplus stomachs around with them. I know 1,000 Indians who live on one reservation. Among them all only one is really fat. His name is Black Thunder, but because he has been such a glutton his fellowsmen have nicknamed him Lazy [illegible]

[illegible] Indian, like us all, is vain. He [illegible]od way of showing it. Over [illegible]e smears dry paint, mostly [illegible]low; and into his hair he [illegible]thers. His clothes are [illegible] he can get. His trousers, which are just two legs, he usually makes of green. His shirt is often red. Over these he casts a spotted blanket or one of brilliant stripes. An Indian will go broke at a ribbon case, buying bright silk bands for his hat and for the mane of his pony.

Drunkenness has become the besetting sin of many Indians. One of them, when he wants firewater, will swap his birthright for a bottle. Not all of the Indians drink, though. Those who do not are hard on the ones who do. The first punishment to the young buck who has drunk too much is to tie him to a post and let him stay there until he sobers up. If an Indian takes a notion to quit, though, he is firm; he doesn't have to take the gold cure.

Open-hearted to a fault is the Indian. Once in a while a rich one will hold what they call a pot-latch. At this time he will bring together all of his friends and give away everything that he has—to the last rag he wears.

An Indian can raise ponies and rent his land, but he does not know how to invest. An old Nez Perces chief had heard that the white man made money "grow." He sold several hundred ponies, getting a $20 gold piece for each one. The money he planted in the ground, but it would not even sprout for him. He told one of his white friends about this. This friend got a wholesale grocer of Portland, Oregon, to take the old chief's money and put it out at interest. Each year the Nez Perces would go down to Portland and have his money, interest and all, piled before him to see how much it had "grown."

But the Indian is no fool. Back in '86 commissioners from Washington went to Umatilla reservation to try to get the Indians to sell a part of their lands. They got the Indians to stay in a room with them so that no outside white man could advise them. They all ate and slept in a big hall and the Indians never left it. Besides the commissioners and the Indians there was just one interpreter. For a week the Indians dickered. They kept raising the price. The whites couldn't understand why. On the last day old Chief Hom-e-li made signs to the commissioners that he was ready to make a bargain. One of the commissioners made back a sign that he would send for the interpreter.

"Never mind," said Hom-e-li, "I speak English."

The old chief had understood all of what the commissioners had said to each other while he lived locked up with them, and he pressed them to the limit in his deal.

The Indian is a great gambler. His chief love is a horse race. In one spurt he will stake his fortune. Yet he does not bet wild. He is just as shrewd as they make 'em.

Pointed Paragraphs.

The wings of riches make flying machines look like 30 cents.

Few men would attempt to write poetry if they didn't need the money.

The average man spends too much time making money and too little enjoying it.

Even a brave sea captain dreads squalls after his first baby is born.

Though the truth will out, it usually comes out too late—especially in a horse race.

An Irish philosopher says that the sweetest memories in life are recollections of things forgotten.

Columbus got the short end of it socially by not coming over to this country in the Mayflower.

Most men must be punished for their sins while here on earth if it is true that every man gets the wife in heaven intended for him.—Chicago News.

What the Texas Farmer Forgot.

A story is going the rounds regarding a farmer who is greatly troubled with absent-mindedness. On the way home from town, so the story goes, the thought came to him that he had forgotten something. He took out his note book, went over every item and checked it off. He saw that he had made all the purchases he intended. But as he drove on he could not put the feeling aside. When he arrived home and drove up to the house his daughter came out to meet him, and with a look of surprise asked: "Why, where is ma?"—Rice Rustler.

"Father made his fortune some years ago," she said, some time after she had accepted him. "I suppose you'd like to know how."

"No," he replied absent-mindedly; "I'd only like to know if he's still got it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

McHammer—By the way, how did your 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' happen to disband?

Rowland Ties—Why, the ice trust discovered that 'Liza was not escaping over its product and got out an injunction.—Chicago News.

THE YOUNG VULTURE

HE IS WILLING TO FIGHT BEFORE HE IS ABLE TO FLY.

The Fledgeling Has Wonderful Strength of Bill, Is Courageous and Aggressive and Is as Quick Almost as a Flash of Lightning.

In the south there is one bird which everybody knows whether he is a nature student or not. I refer to the turkey vulture, or turkey buzzard, as most people call him. This bird seems to be an ever present feature of the southern landscape, for look upward when you will you may see him sweeping the sky with outspread wings, wheeling in broad circles or soaring in graceful spirals, with seeming never a stroke of the mighty pinions for hours at a time.

One day I saw a vulture sailing thus, says Ernest Harold Baynes in the Boston Herald, and I carefully marked his flight until he descended from the white clouds and disappeared near the edge of a distant wood. Supposing that he had come down to feed on some carrion—a dead horse perhaps, which had been dragged just outside of the woods and left—I made the best of my way to the spot where I lost sight of the bird, that I might be a witness to the feast.

I arrived at the wood, but neither bird nor carcass could I see. Then I bethought me that this was the month of May, and that perhaps the buzzard had a nest thereabout. I hunted under the bushes, along the side of fallen trees and in some old stumps which were standing near, but not a feather was to be seen.

Presently I spied a log which lay somewhat apart in the shadow of some shrubs, and as I approached it out from somewhere came a big turkey buzzard, which quickly disappeared behind the trees. On coming up to the log, which was a large one, I found that it was hollow, and in the cavity there were two eggs, which doubtless belonged to the vulture which had just departed. They were considerably larger than the eggs of a domestic hen, and in color they were dirty white, heavily spotted with chocolate brown. I left them that I might have an opportunity to study the young.

The next time I visited the hollow log the parent birds were not in sight, but in the nest I found two downy fledgelings, which could scarcely be called pretty. They were in every way less attractive than young hawks of the same age. They expressed their disapproval of my presence by a weak growling sound.

I could not visit the spot again for some weeks, and when I did one of them had disappeared. The other was no longer in the hollow log, but standing at a little distance, and I was interested to see the change in his appearance. In the first place, he had grown tremendously; the down which had formerly covered the whole body was now confined chiefly to the head, neck and under parts, and the rest of the bird was clothed with firm black feathers. He looked fat and well fed.

I reached out my hand and caught him by one wing. But here he had a surprise for me, for he seized my finger in his hooked bill and with a turn of his head twisted off a bit of the flesh before I had time even to object. After hurriedly cleansing the wound I again advanced on the enemy, who was game enough to satisfy any one and came to the attack with open bill. Of course he was not dangerous in the least, for he was very young and could not even fly, but for a fledgeling the grip he could give with his bill was astonishing.

However, I picked him up, took him home and tethered him in the garden with a strap to one leg. The first night he ate a good meal of liver, and after that he took almost any kind of meat that was given him. I let him have carrion whenever it was convenient, but at other times he ate freshly killed frogs, fresh beef, opossum and even fish.

One night soon after I had brought him home I went out to see how he looked when he was asleep. It was so dark that his black plumage was not visible against the grass. All I could see of him was a white spot, his head, as it hung near the ground.

I approached very quietly and was within five feet when something happened. Out of the darkness there came a flash of white straight toward me with a speed which caused me to step quickly backward, and at the same instant there was a startling, rustling sound, accompanied by a guttural growl, which for a moment I did not recognize as the voice of the young vulture.

Altogether it was a most startling phenomenon, and, although I realized in a moment that the bird was in some way the cause of it, I do not know even yet just what happened. This much I know, however, that the bird rushed at me, growling with all his might, and that the flash of white was the white down of the body uncovered by the opening of the black wings.

The rushing sound was, I think, caused in some way by the wing feathers or tail feathers, or both, but whether by dragging them along the ground or otherwise I cannot tell. I tried on several occasions to find this out by approaching the young vulture when there was just light enough for me to see what happened, but he would never act in just the same way unless it was quite dark.

No doubt this is some provision of nature to protect the bird when it is young and helpless, and I can testify that it is a good one, for I am sure that few night prowling animals would care to pursue their investigations after being given so startling a reception.

Read the West Virginian. It has the latest news.